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THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

AND

OTHER SELECTIONS

FROM

LORD BYRON

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

CHARLES MACKIE STEBBINS,

[illegible]

E. SHEWELL & COMPANY,

NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

The Students' Series of English Classics.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

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FROM

LORD BYRON

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

CHARLES MAURICE STEBBINS,

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH, HIGH SCHOOL, SALT LAKE CITY.

LEACH, SHEWELL, & COMPANY,

NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

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PREFACE.

THE purpose of this little book is twofold: to present one of the purest and simplest of Byron's narrative poems, together with such additional material as is thought necessary to a thorough understanding of the poem; and, secondly, to introduce to our pupils selections from others of the poet's works revealing the best side of his genius, — his appreciation of nature, his love for whatever is deep and noble in human life, his sympathy for the oppressed, and hatred of oppression.

No attempt has been made to select material for a general or an outline study of the author's works.

The historical and legendary element in the poems of this book, it is believed, will be found valuable as a basis for oral and written exercises that are not strictly analytical, and, for that reason, suitable for use in classes not far enough advanced for critical analysis.

CHARLES MAURICE STEBBINS.

SALT LAKE CITY HIGH SCHOOL,
January, 1898.

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INTRODUCTION.

CRITICAL COMMENTS.

THE POSITION OF BYRON AS A POET is a curious one. He is partly of the past and partly of the present. Something of the school of Pope clings to him; yet no one so completely broke away from old measures and old manners to make his poetry individual, not imitative. At first he has no interest whatever in the human questions which were so strongly felt by Wordsworth and Shelley. His early work is chiefly narrative poetry, written that he might talk of himself and not of mankind. Nor has he any philosophy except that which centres round the problem of his own being. . . . We feel naturally great interest in this strong personality, put before us with such obstinate power, but it wearies us at last. Finally it wearied himself. As he grew in power, he escaped from his morbid self, and ran into the opposite extreme in *Don Juan*. It is chiefly in it that he shows the influence of the revolutionary spirit. It is written in bold revolt against all the conventionality of social morality and religion and politics. . . . As a poet of nature he belongs also to the old and the new school. Byron's sympathy with nature is a sympathy with himself reflected in her moods. But he also escapes from this position of the later eighteenth century poets, and looks on nature as

she is, apart from himself; and this escape is made, as in the case of his poetry of man, in his later poems. Lastly, it is his colossal power, and the ease that comes from it, in which he resembles Dryden, as well as his amazing productiveness, which mark him specially. But it is always more power of the intellect than of the imagination.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. . . . To us he is still a man, young, noble, and unhappy. To our children he will be merely a writer; and their impartial judgment will appoint his place among writers, without regard to his rank or to his private history. That his poetry will undergo a severe sifting, that much of what has been admired by his contemporaries will be rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language.

LORD MACAULAY.

As a poet, Byron professed himself a partisan of Pope, and his first successful essay is after the manner of Pope; but no writer belongs more thoroughly to the early nineteenth century and all its movements than he. In one respect it might have been better for him had he really followed his professed master; viz., in careful workmanship. His productions are often

wanting in finish. He did not "file" and perfect enough. In this regard as in others he is the son of his time. He is of the revolution. His age is fallen and base, to his thinking. This thought filled him with contempt and scorn for it. . . . His spirit found its most congenial expression in a kind of poetry that allowed it the utmost freedom of style, where he could praise or mock, be refined or coarse, terrible or grotesque, comic or tragic or farcical, as his mood was.

HALES.

His work and Shelley's, beyond that of all our other poets, recall or suggest the wide and high things of nature, the large likeness of the elements, the immeasurable liberty and the stormy strength of waters and winds. They are strongest when they touch upon these; and it is worth remark how few are the poets of whom this can be said.

SWINBURNE.

Along with his astounding power and passion, he had a strong and deep sense for what is beautiful in nature, and for what is beautiful in human action and suffering. When he warms to his work, when he is inspired, Nature herself seems to take the pen from him as she took it from Wordsworth, and to write for him as she wrote for Wordsworth, though in a different fashion, with her own penetrating simplicity. . . . But these two, Wordsworth and Byron, stand, it seems to me, first and foremost in actual performance, a glorious pair among the English poets of this century.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in London, Jan. 22, 1788.

He was of noble descent on both sides of the family, his mother being a descendant of James I. through his daughter Annabella.

His descent on his father's side is traceable as far back as the time of the Conquest. Two members of the family of Buruns, as the name was spelled, crossed over with William, and Ralph, the poet's ancestor, settled in Nottinghamshire. His son Hugh was lord of Horestan Castle in the County of Derby. The son of this Hugh became a monk of Lenton; but the line was continued by his son Sir Roger, who endowed with lands the monastery of Swinstead.

The spelling of the name had now become Buron; and the next in line, Robert, who lived in the time of Henry II., adopted the present spelling. By his marriage with Cecilia, daughter and heir of Sir Richard Clayton, this Sir Robert de Byron added to the family possessions a large estate in Lancashire, which became the family residence of the Byrons till the time of Henry VIII.

Members of the family fought and died at the siege of Calais, at Cressy, and at Bosworth; and several of them were knighted for their bravery.

"Sir John the Little of the Great Beard" seems to have won the favor of Henry VIII., and was granted the Priory of Newstead upon the dissolution of monasteries by this monarch. Sir John's descendants were all Royalists, and seven of them were in the field at Edgehill.

One of these Byrons, also named John, for his services at Newbury was created Baron of Rochdale by Charles I. This was in 1643.

The second Lord Byron was Richard, John's brother, who was noted in war, especially for his heroic defence of Newark. His son William became the third Lord Byron, and is memorable principally because of his marriage with the daughter of Viscount Chaworth. He was a patron of poets, and was himself capable of rhyming.

The fourth lord was gentleman of the bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark, and is said to have been a man of some culture and taste. His children, however, were a wild, passionate, and adventurous lot. His eldest son, who became the fifth lord, and was the immediate predecessor of the poet, became engaged in a dispute with his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, which ended in the death of the latter. After this event all sorts of crimes were attributed to him — among others that he killed his coachman, and threw the dead body into the coach beside his wife, and that later he attempted to drown her. He is said to have had devils to attend him, and was called the "wicked lord."

In order to spite his son, who had married against his will, this lord illegally sold the Rochdale property, and stripped Newstead as bare as possible. He, however, outlived his son and his grandson, and it was thus that the poet became the sixth lord.

The brother of the "wicked lord" was Admiral Byron, known as "Foul Weather Jack," who married his cousin, she being of the "mad, impetuous race of the Berkeleys."

Unfortunate in such an ancestry, the poet was even more so in his parentage and training. His father, the admiral's eldest son, was known as "Mad Jack," and, if history speaks truly, was not unworthy of his name. He seduced the Marchioness of Carmarthen, whom he afterward married and treated brutally. She died in 1784, leaving a daughter, Augusta, the sister who was the one faithful friend of the poet throughout his life. In 1786 Mad Jack married Catherine Gordon, whose father had committed suicide. She is described as "a dumpy young woman, with a large waist, florid complexion, and homely features." She was, besides, the victim of "frequent fits of uncontrollable fury." Add to this that she was coarse, and without the beginnings of an education, and the picture is complete.

One day at school a companion of Byron exclaimed to him, —

"Byron, your mother is a fool!"

"I know it," was the reply.

Byron's father diminished his wife's fortune to almost nothing, and after two years of separation came one day and begged of her a guinea. With this he went to France, where he died in August, 1791. Some doubts are to be entertained whether he did not die by his own hand. Byron was now three years old.

His childhood was spent at Aberdeen with his mother, whose passionate fondness for her child alternated with blows and abuse. One day in a fit of passion she accosted the boy, who was lame because of a malformation of the heel tendon,

as a "lame brat." With trembling lips, and eyes that flashed with the intensity of the wound, he replied, "I was born so, mother."

This mother, however, as contradictory in nature as the poet ever proved to be, boasted of her democratic principles; and it was from her that Byron received his early training to hate royalty, and to sympathize with the oppressed.

What religious training he had is due to his nurse, who familiarized him with the Bible, and grounded him so strongly in Calvinism that its influence always remained with him.

Byron entered the grammar school of Aberdeen in 1794, and is said to have distinguished himself by being constantly at the foot of the class. Instead of studying his lessons, he read books more to his taste; and these he literally devoured, and seems to have digested. His reading of this period consisted of books of travel and descriptions of the East, and mythology. The effect of these is easily traced in his writings.

Here at Aberdeen the boy had his first love experience, which was with his cousin, Mary Duff, who is described as a "charming hazel-eyed, brown-haired little girl." Here, too, he gained his love for the mountains, which he afterward said were "a feeling" to him.

The title of lord, together with the estate of Newstead Abbey, descended to Byron in 1798. After going to the estate in the following year, he continued his studies under a tutor by the name of Rogers, but this lasted only for a short time; for that year Mrs. Byron went to London, and Byron was sent to school at Dulwich. While here he slept in the library of the master, Dr. Glennie, and introduced himself to English poetry, which had a lasting influence on his impressionable nature.

At this period his second love experience came, and with another cousin, whom he described as "one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow, all beauty and peace." When this cousin died, shortly afterward, we discover the boy's feelings finding expression in verse.

In 1801 he entered Harrow Grammar School, where he remained till the autumn of 1805. In 1803 he spent his summer vacation at Nottingham, where he made the acquaintance of another cousin, Mary Anne Chaworth, who was then a beautiful girl of eighteen, two years older than himself. She was already betrothed, but this did not prevent Byron from falling in love with her. She once made the remark, "Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?" The careless words came to the boy, who never forgot them. This passion for Mary was doubtless the deepest he had yet experienced, and has overflowed into many of his poems. In *Childe Harold* he says that he —

"Had sighed to many, though he loved but one."

In 1805 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the following year published his juvenile poems, and in 1807 the *Hours of Idleness*. Shortly afterward, when Byron was indulging himself on the occasion of his becoming of age, a bitter criticism of this book appeared in the *Edinburgh Review;* a criticism which the poet characterized as "a masterpiece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse." This article was the cause of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which appeared a few days after Byron took his seat in the House of Lords. In this old scores were more than paid off. No living writer escaped the sting of his satire.

At this time his financial affairs, which had never been in a strikingly good condition, became worse; and to improve matters he borrowed funds of money-lenders at an exorbitant interest, and, with his friend Hobhouse and three servants, sailed for Spain, July 2, 1809, intending to visit India and Persia. Arriving at Lisbon, the party travelled overland on horseback to Cadiz. From Spain they sailed East, visiting Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, Albania, and Turkey; and finally returned home after two years of pilgrimage.

In the year following his return the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* appeared, and were so enthusiastically received that the well-known remark, "I woke one morning and found myself famous," was elicited from the poet. The first edition of five thousand copies was exhausted in three days, and two more editions followed.

It was as if a whirlwind had broken loose. He was the main subject of conversation in all London. He was desired everywhere, and even the objects of his stinging satire hastened to make his acquaintance. He was the lion of the clubs, balls, of London society in general, and of the women in particular. They fell in love with his "marble brow, his brown curly hair, his gray eyes shaded by long black lashes, his beautiful mobile mouth, with small white teeth, his fascinating chin, small shapely hands, rich musical voice, and irreproachable manners."

At this time Byron's works began to appear in profusion. In May, 1813, *The Giaour* was published, and soon ran through five editions; and it was while correcting the proof of one of these editions that the poet produced the *Bride of Abydos*, which was written in the space of four nights. In less than a month six thousand copies were sold; and then came *The Corsair* in the following February, ten thousand copies being

sold on the day of publication. In the same year appeared the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, and *Lara.*

Byron's marriage took place in the following January, and appears to have been a very happy one for a time. He wrote to Moore, "My spouse and I agree to admiration." Soon, however, the condition of the poet's finances began to make itself manifest in a very material way. Nine executions were made upon them for debt in as many months. Quarrels and compromises entered the family. Lady Byron went to her father's for a visit; and one day, two weeks later, Byron received the astonishing news that she had decided not to return. Although a goodly share of the blame is to be laid at his door, his wife was far from irreproachable in the matter. While Byron was harsh and cruel, she was unkind and irritating to an extreme. One day she sneeringly asked him when he was going to "leave off writing verses." The separation took place in February, 1816.

When this fact became public, Lord Byron's sentence was passed. He, who four years before had been received and idolized in all London, was now the object of as great hatred as he then had been of esteem. He was accused of all the faults he had ever committed, and of all that could be imagined. He was talked about, whispered about, and lied about maliciously. "I was accused," he said, "of every monstrous vice by public rumor and private rancor. I felt that, if what was whispered and muttered was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me."

He left England in April never to return, and the first part of his wanderings are told in the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold.* He journeyed along the Rhine as far as Switzerland, and spent a good part of the summer about Lake

Geneva, where he made the acquaintance of Shelley, and they together made a tour of the lake in a small boat. Here Byron produced the third canto of *Childe Harold*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, parts of *Manfred*, and *Prometheus*.

While in Switzerland, Byron tried to arrange a reconciliation with his wife, but she refused to listen, and the feelings of love which he had up to this time entertained toward her were changed to bitterness; although once afterward, while in Italy, he wrote a letter to her, asking for a reconciliation for the sake of their child, who was growing up in ignorance of her father; but the letter was never sent.

In October he crossed the Alps and went to Venice. In December he wrote to Moore, "Of Venice I shall say little; it is a poetical place, and classical, to us, from Shakespeare and Otway. I have not yet sinned against it in verse, nor do I know that I shall do so; have been tuneless since I crossed the Alps, and feeling as yet no renewal of the 'estro.'" It came, nevertheless; and in Venice Byron wrote part of the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, the *Ode on Venice*, *Beppo*, *Marino Faliero*, *The Two Foscari*, *Mazeppa*, and parts of *Don Juan*.

The poet's life in Venice was far from admirable. He engaged in all sorts of debaucheries. There was another side, however. At this time his income from his writings was about $20,000 a year. A fourth of it was given away in charity. Many persons who regularly received his gifts did not know whence they came. In spite of his cynicism he was of a kind, sympathetic nature.

While at Pisa, Byron received a letter from a clergyman, telling him that the latter's wife had prayed before her death for his conversion. The poet replied, "I would not exchange

the prayer of this pure and virtuous being in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon."

Tiring of poetry, Byron now turned his attention to politics; and he found here the opportunities which had been denied him at home. He entered the struggle for the freedom and the unification of Italy. Little, however, was to be accomplished here; and as the sale of Newstead and the proceeds from half the estate of his mother-in-law, which fell to him, gave him the necessary money, he hired the brig Hercules, and taking with him fifty thousand dollars, medicines, and arms, sailed for Greece, which was now in the midst of her struggle for freedom from Turkey.

His career as a soldier was short, as he was stricken with a fever, and died the 19th of April, 1824, at Missolonghi; but his liberality and great love of liberty endeared him to the hearts of the Greek people. When Byron died it was the midst of the Greek Eastertide. The Provisional Government at Missolonghi decreed: "Our festive day is turned into one of lamentation and mourning. Let all Easter festivities be suspended, and let funeral prayers be said in all the churches. Let the people cease to peal Paschal carols, and let them toll the dirge of the dead. Let all public offices be closed. The Greek nation goes into mourning for thirty-one days."

The Greeks desired that he be buried in the Parthenon, or in the Temple of Theseus, but this was not to be; and the mournful procession passed down to the quay, followed by the rugged Suliots, the tears streaming down their sun-browned cheeks. Not only did they follow, but the hearts of the Greek nation followed, the man who had come to them in their darkest hour and inspired them with hope.

"One consolation remains to us," said the Hellenic *Tele-*

graph; "the good he has effected will not be lost; the seed he has sown with such alacrity and industry for the benefit of Greece will yet produce a noble harvest. The most glorious monument that can be raised to him will be the feelings of gratitude and love which remain stamped in the heart of every Greek and every friend of humanity."

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CHILLON.

ONE day in the year 830, in the reign of Louis the Débonaire, chroniclers tell us a company of armed men was slowly making its way along the rough and narrow road which wound along the foot of the mountains on the north shore of Lake Leman, leading from Vevey to Villeneuve. A prisoner of state was being conducted to a lonely tower which arose from the rock, now covered by the historic Château de Chillon.

First Mention of Chillon.

From the walls of this massive tower, all sides of which were washed by the blue waves of the lake, the prisoner could behold only "the sky, the Pennine Alps, and Lake Leman."

From the care with which the cavalcade proceeded it was evident that the present prisoner was one of no little importance. It was the Count of Wala, a nephew of Charles Martel and cousin of Charlemagne, a man who had governed Saxony, commanded armies of the empire, and, in the latter years of the great emperor, had been his chief counsellor. After Charlemagne's death things changed; and such a man, of sterling integrity and devotion to the cause of liberty, was in the way of the intriguers of the Court. He was therefore relegated to this distant tower. The peace and beauty of the surroundings were of such a nature that the old man, far from bemoaning his fate, refused even to apply for a release, at the solicitation of his friends, at a

Count of Wala.

time when there was little doubt of its being granted. He preferred to remain here, surrounded by the beauties of nature, and in freedom of his mind, rather than to accept any clemency at the hands of his oppressors, or to re-enter a world out of which freedom had gone.

This "old massive tower" continued to be a sort of prison of state till the time of Peter of Savoy, toward the middle of the thirteenth century.

Thomas I. of Savoy had eight sons, who were all intended for the church, with the exception of Amédée, the eldest, who was to succeed his father as Duke of Savoy. Among the rest Peter took orders, but did so only for the political influence it would give him. Upon the death of his father he exchanged his clerical garments for those more suited to his tastes and character. Shortly afterward he married into the family of the powerful baron Aymon, who soon recognized the ability of his son-in-law, and declared him to be his successor.

Peter of Savoy.

Once assured of this heritage, Peter demanded of his brother his share of the paternal estate, which he obtained after a trial of arms. He received Chablais and the Val d'Aost, which included the fertile valley of the Rhone, and a large tract along the shores of Leman. Thus it was that Peter came into possession of Chillon.

The dukes of Savoy had already added extensively to the fortifications; but it was left for Peter to see the natural advantages of the situation, and to transform the prison into the château of future importance. The foundations were begun June 25, 1236, but we may believe it was some time before the structure was completed, possibly two years.

Second building of Chillon.

The castle was then first used as a retreat for Peter's brother Aymon, whose health was rapidly failing. Says the *Chronique de Savoie:* "Peter found his brother in very great extremity from disease, and then summoned physicians from all parts of the country, but all was of no avail. And when he saw himself reduced so low, Aymon said to his brothers, Peter and Aimé, 'My lords and brothers, I hope it may please you to give me some solitary place where I may spend the remainder of my days, for the disturbances of the people annoy me grievously, and I desire to change air;' and then Monsieur Peter de Savoye responded to him and said, 'I have built a very fine castle at Chillon, and thither you shall retreat.'"

Peter also built other castles; but Chillon rapidly grew in importance, and not long after the death of his brother he made it the seat of his government, and it remained one of the important, perhaps the most important, with the exception of that of the Habsburgs, in Switzerland, until the time of Bonnivard; and here the dukes of Savoy lived and ruled till the ungraceful exit of the tyrannous Charles III.

Once when Peter had been away on a subjugating expedition he returned home by night, and found the enemy encamped by his very door. It was a company of the troops of Rudolph of Habsburg, and it is possible that Rudolph himself was among them. Peter left his troops, and by stealth gained admission to the castle, from which he managed to get an idea of the condition of his enemies, who were scattered about in groups from Villeneuve to Vevey. He returned to his friends by boat, and said to them, "Let us be brave men, and the enemy are ours." The response was, "You have only to command."

Battle of Chillon.

Battle was given, and so successfully that nearly all of the Habsburgians were taken prisoners; but instead of being treated as such they were taken to the château and feasted. They were dismissed on the condition that they return home and cease henceforth to give trouble.

Nothing of great importance in the history of Chillon occurred after the death of Peter till we come to the year 1504, when Charles III. came to the ducal throne. By some irony of fate this tyrannous duke was called *The Good* — probably because he made a grant of land to the church. If history records truly, he was a second Nero, as Peter was the "Little Charlemagne." He was of a land-grabbing disposition, and did not scruple to remove whomsoever he found in his way. Thus it was that when he found the strongest opposition to his scheme of bringing Geneva under his sway in Bonnivard, the latter was consigned to the dungeon.

Charles III.

The hero of *The Prisoner of Chillon* was a Savoyard by birth, but he had given himself unreservedly to the cause of Geneva in the struggle for her independence. He had studied philosophy and law at Turin, and had returned from that city a champion of democratic principles. He gave himself to reforms both in religion and politics, and continued to strive unceasingly for the freedom of his adopted country.

Bonnivard.

Charles profited by his first opportunity, and arrested the reformer at Montheron, canton of Vaud, and conducted him to the château of Grolée, where he remained prisoner for two years, when he was set at liberty by the intervention of his friends.

His Imprisonment.

This liberty, however, did not last long; for he was soon

arrested again (in 1530), and conducted to Chillon, where he was held as a prisoner of state for six years.

During these six years matters were gradually working to a crisis; and when the crisis came, Bonnivard was freed.

The Genevese never forgot Bonnivard, as Bonnivard never forgot Geneva; and at the earliest possible moment their attention was turned to his rescue. The Bernese, always stanch supporters of the oppressed, were invited to assist. They came down singing their ancient war-song, *The Bear of Bern Has Left His Lair*, while the Genevese attacked from the lake. The onset was made in the early morning. The previous evening Charles had escaped, giving orders, it is claimed by some, that the prisoner be put to death. The lieutenant, however, feared for his own safety should the castle be taken, and awaited the outcome before obeying the command.

Toward noon the château was surrendered; and the patriots rushed to the dungeon, exclaiming, "Bonnivard, thou art free!"—"And Geneva?" was the response. "Free also."

Bonnivard had no brothers who shared his captivity; and, indeed, it is not known that he had any at all. There were, however, several prisoners in the dungeon with him at the time of his liberation.

Upon his return to public life Bonnivard was made one of the Two Hundred of Geneva, and published a history of the city under the name of *Chronicles of the City of Geneva*, besides several other works of minor importance. He lived to a ripe old age, enjoying the fruits of his liberty, for which he had paid so dearly. He died in 1570.

Later Life.

THE POEM.

Nearly three centuries after the imprisonment of Bonnivard, Byron, with his friend Hobhouse, was living at Clarens. One bright morning they directed their sail toward Chillon. It was the same journey that the family of Julie made on the day of the catastrophe, in Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse.* This Byron had read, or was at this time reading; and his mind was full of sad recollections, yet lightened by the beauty of nature, which, he wrote to Murray, he never attempted to describe, because anything he could say appeared to him so below the impressions which he received.

Byron's Visit to Chillon.

They landed at Chillon, and were conducted to the dungeon, which was far from being the place Byron described it to be. It is architecturally the finest portion of the castle, and is certainly the most interesting from its associations. The series of chambers called the dungeons is cut partially out of the solid rock upon which the castle is built. It is of Gothic design, and, were it larger, would not be unlike the aisles of a cathedral of the period. In the next largest chamber there are four or five pillars of "Gothic mould;" and in the largest there are eight, "one being half merged in the wall." In several of these pillars there are rings to which the prisoners were fettered. The tourist of to-day is shown the one to which Bonnivard was fastened, also the traces[1] which the feet of the prisoner made in the pavement during the six years of his confinement. In one of these vaults is a beam "black with age," on which the

The Dungeon.

[1] These imprints are now supposed to have been made by monks, and this part of the story to have been invented by them to attract attention to the place.

execution of the condemned took place. The vaults are lofty, and receive air and light through numerous narrow apertures several feet above the pavement.

When Byron entered here he was ignorant of the story of Bonnivard, and says Vulliemin, "He at first saw only the vaults which enclosed him, the shadows which spread about him, and death which seemed to inhabit the place. . . . He saw Ugolino,[1] his sons, and their fearful death. He was en-

[1] The story of Ugolino Gherardesca was made famous by Dante in the *Inferno*. Ugolino for some treachery, supposed or real, was taken, with his two sons and two grandsons, and confined in the Palazzo del Comune, by leaders of the Ghibellines. After twenty days of confinement they were removed to the Torre della Fame. By the order of the archbishop the door was locked and the key thrown into the Arno. Dante, in the *Inferno*, makes Ugolino recount his story as below. Resemblances may be found between it and passages of *The Prisoner of Chillon*: —

"'And I heard locked the exit underneath
The horrible turret; whereupon I looked
In my sons' faces, saying not a word.
I wept not, I so petrified within:
They wept; and said my Anselmuccio, 'Thou,
Father, art looking so? How is 't with thee?'
I shed no tear, however, nor replied
The whole of that day, nor the after night,
Till issued in the world the other sun.
When, as some little ray had got itself
Into the painful dungeon, and I marked
My selfsame aspect upon faces four,
I bit for anguish into both my hands:
And they, supposing I did that for need
Of eating, of a sudden raised themselves,
And said: "'T will give us, father, much less pain
If us thou eat'st of: thou induedst us
This miserable flesh, and doff it thou."
I, not to make them sadder, stilled me then:
That and the next day we remained all dumb;

gaged in these thoughts while a drunken corporal, deaf, and thinking that all who listened were like himself, bellowed out the legend of the place. They mingled in the soul of the poet. To those of Bonnivard he added his own remembrances, his sorrows, his aspirations toward liberty, and under the inspiration of the moment, he formed the plan and composed a great part of the poem."

Finally they returned to the open air. As he was leaving the castle, Byron met some children playing by the roadside; he took from his pocket several half guineas and distributed to them. The two friends returned to Clarens on foot.

Byron visited Chillon again before he left Switzerland, but it was on a rainy day shortly after his first visit that he finished *The Prisoner of Chillon*. He had taken boat for Lausanne, but on his arrival at Ouchy it began to rain, and he stopped at the *Hotel de l'Ancre;* it was while detained there by the inclement weather that he completed the poem.

Completion of the Poem.

Ah! hardened earth, why openest thou not?
When to the fourth day we were come, before
My feet, distended, Gaddo threw himself,
Saying, "My father, why not give me help?"
Herewith he died; and, as thou seest me,
I saw the three fall one by one, between
The fifth day and the sixth: whereat I took,
Already blind, to groping over each,
And three days called them after they were dead.
Then fasting more availed than sorrowing.'"

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place,
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,

Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,

And we were three — yet, each alone:
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together — yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound — not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do — and did — my best,
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him — with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:

And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun!
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;

To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:

The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above

The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,

And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray,
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less,
I listen'd, but I could not hear —
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him: — I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived —*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,

Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both hath ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night — it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness — without a place:
There were no stars — no earth — no time —

No check — no change — no good — no crime —
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,

But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
  Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
  Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
Lone — as a solitary cloud,
  A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
  When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;

I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was: — my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread,
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart felt blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child — no sire — no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend

Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain

I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.
It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count — I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair,
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,

Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

SPAIN.

Oh, lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleamed the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale!
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls — "Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? — the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high: — from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold:
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude.

LEUCADIA.

CHILDE HAROLD sailed, and passed the barren spot,
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave;
And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar;
A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave:
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar;
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight.

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow:
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

GREECE.

FAIR GREECE! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmann'd.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew
With thy unquenchèd beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;
Or Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest
The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then!
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shatter'd splendor renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now;
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground,
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LEAVING ENGLAND THE LAST TIME.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted, — not as now we part,
But with a hope. —
Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear

That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips — "The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes; —
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

THE DRACHENFELS.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees;
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound;
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LAKE LEMAN.

LAKE LEMAN woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.
There is too much of man here, to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold.

To fly from need not be to hate mankind,
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and in the blight
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
And color things to come with hues of night;
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness: on the sea,
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake, —
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to inflict or bear?

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture; I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life:
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where for some sin to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

And when at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm, —
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought, the Spirit of each spot,
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Thy sky is changed! — and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosophoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black, — and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters, — war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings, — as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightning! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

CLARENS.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod, —
Undying Love's who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life and light, — so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

All things are here of *him;* from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-color'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 't was the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

VENICE.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; — her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;

Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood,
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

I loved her from my boyhood — she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,

Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less; but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy dĕpths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise

And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,

Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

A GRECIAN SUNSET.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.

How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But e'er he sunk below Citheron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd — the spirit fled;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;
No murky vapor, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret;
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
And sad and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm;
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye;
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

GREECE.

FAIR clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odors there!
For there — the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,

Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar
Is heard, and seen the evening star;
Then stealing with the muffled oar
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange — that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling place,
And every charm and grace hath mix't
Within the paradise she fix't,
There man, enamour'd of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,

And sweetly woos him — but to spare!
Strange — that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevail'd
Against the seraphs they assail'd,
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The free inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix't yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And — but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;

Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?

The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace;
Enough — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot sway.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

'T is done, — but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive? —
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after-warriors more

Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quell'd! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolater desolate?
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound;

Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke —
  Alone — how look'd he round ?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
  And darker fate hast found;
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman when his burning heart
  Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
  In savage grandeur, home. —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
  Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
  Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
  An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
  His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he never known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
  The thunderbolt is wrung —

Too late thou leav'st the high command
  To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
  To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
  Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
  And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
  In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds art writ in gore,
  Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
  Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
  To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
  Is vile as vulgar clay;

Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,

While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one — "The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth —
So long obey'd — so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God — by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day — there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's — Gaul thine
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
And don the purple vest, —

As if that foolish robe could wring
  Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
  The star — the string — the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

Where may the wearied eye repose
  When gazing on the Great:
Where neither guilty glory glows,
  Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
The Cincinnatus of the West,
  Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

(SONG OF A GREEK.)

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
  Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
  Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no; — the voices of the dead

Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh, that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove —
What though 'tis but a pictured image? — strike —
That painting is no idol — 'tis too like.

Sweet hour of twilight! — in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,

To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, — shadow'd my mind's eye.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things —
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabor'd steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;

Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
  Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
  Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
Some hand unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb:
  Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

NOTES.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

LINES 1-4. What was the cause of Bonnivard's gray hair? Explain the use of the singular verb in line 1, and that of the plural in line 4.

6. **Vile.** What is its etymology? What figure in this line? What is its force?

7. **Spoil.** Etymology?

10. Note the meaning of **banned.** Cf. *Wilhelm Tell*, III. iv.: —

"The trees are banned."

11. **This.** For what other word?

17. What change occurs in the metre in this line? How does it affect the style? To what line does this change extend?

20. Original MS., "Braving rancour — chains — and rage."

11-26. How do the statements in these lines compare with historical facts? How much of what is related here might have been suggested by the story of Ugolino? See Introductory Note.

27. What metrical change in this line? Cf. line 29.

28. See Introductory Note for dungeon.

30. Light is admitted through narrow apertures.

32. **Crevice and the cleft.** Note the alliteration. Compare the derivation and meaning of the two words. Is there any redundancy?

34. **Creeping.** What noun does it modify? What is the grammatical construction of the noun?

35. **Marsh's meteor lamp.** The *ignis fatuus*, a flitting light, sometimes seen at night over marshes and in churchyards, supposed to be caused by the decomposition of vegetable or animal substances, or by inflammable gases. It is commonly known as "Jack o' Lan-

tern," "Will o' the Wisp," and by the Welsh it is called "Corpse-Lights." Cf. *Under the Old Elm*, Lowell: —

"Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen."

38. **Cankering.** Explain meaning. Cf. 2 *Tim.* ii. 17: —

"And their word will eat as doth a canker."

Also, —

"Your gold and silver is cankered." — *James* v 3.

41. **This new day.** To what period of Bonnivard's life does this refer?

45. **Score.** Note the original signification. Give synonyms.

53. **Our.** Substitute a word that more clearly expresses the meaning.

57. **Pure elements of earth.** What were they?

65. **Grating sound.** Grammatical construction.

66. **Yore.** Compare origin with that of year.

70–71. Arrange in prose order.

72. **In his degree.** Explain.

82. **A polar day.** Grammatical construction.

82–84. What fact is here alluded to?

85. What is the **snow-clad offspring of the sun?**

86. **As.** State the comparison introduced by this word.

87. Is this line included in the comparison?

69–91. Classify the figures of speech in this stanza.

92. **As.** Complete the comparison.

95. **Had.** For what?

94–97. Paraphrase.

98. **Spirit withered.** Cf.: —

"The life-withering marches of the locust." — DE QUINCEY.

102. **Relics.** Has this word its usual signification here?

105. **Gulf.** Give a synonym of the word as used here.

107–108. Several editions read: —

"Lake Leman washes Chillon's walls."

Lake Geneva, or Lake Leman as it is called by the majority of people inhabiting its shores, is the Lacus Lemanus of the Romans. It is about forty-five miles in length, and in width varies from one and a half to nine miles. The water is a very deep blue, and attains *the depth* of ten hundred and fifty-six feet toward the eastern extrem-

ity, not far from Chillon, being eight hundred feet deep near the castle walls.

109. **Massy.** Where used before in the poem?

111. **Snow-white.** The walls, once white, are now almost brown.

112. **Enthralls.** Define accurately. What is its subject? Reconstruct the line.

115. In reality the water never rises to within four or five feet of the dungeon floor.

121. **Wanton.** Verb or adjective?

124–125. **See . . . death.** What figure in this sentence?

129. **Coarse and rude.** Is there a redundancy?

131. **For the like.** Explain.

141. **Had.** Cf. line 95.

142. **Had.** Note difference of meaning in this and the above line.

144. MS., "But why withhold the blow — he died."

148. MS., "To break or bite my bonds in twain."

152–157. Cf. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, XVIII.

155. **Wrought.** Etymology?

157. Paraphrase this passage from line 145.

163. What quality of style predominates in these lines, beginning with line 144?

164. What words are in apposition with **he** in this and succeeding lines?

166. **Mother's image.** Grammatical construction.

168. **Thought.** What figure of speech?

173. Explain.

175. Cf. line 98. Note the alliteration.

176–185. Classify the figures.

186. **Faded.** Cf. **flower,** line 164; and **wither'd,** line 175.

187–188. Note the alliteration. What is its effect?

189. How many were left? Note the delicacy of this use of **those.**

194. Supply another word for **transparent.**

195. What figure?

215–217. Explain.

217. **Falling race.** Cf. Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*: —

"Famille qui s'en va" (a falling house).

218. "The gentle decay and gradual extinction of the youngest life is the most beautiful passage in the poem." — JEFFREY.

How much of the beauty of this passage is due to the thought? How much to the style? In what does the beauty of the style consist? Characterize briefly the two brothers.

230. **Selfish death.** Paraphrase.

233. Does this have reference to the period following his brother's death?

235–236. Is this paralysis of the senses a natural result of intensity of grief?

249. Does not **stagnant,** in sense, belong to sea?

250. What is the propriety of the several adjectives in this line?

231–250. What makes this passage so graphic?

252, *et seq.* Compare with these lines the effect of spring upon Tennyson's grief: —

> "And in thy breast
> Spring wakens too: and my regret
> Becomes an April violet,
> And buds and blossoms like the rest."

263. **Glimmer.** Etymology?

271–272. **Like . . . likeness.** Are these words synonymous?

282. What figure in this line?

285. **Heaven forgive that thought.** Why?

284, 295, *et seq.* Which of the two similes is more forcible? State your reason.

303. **Inured.** Etymology?

311. In what respect does this line not conform to the English of to-day?

327. Does **had** have the same meaning here as in line 141?

328. Is **curious** used here in its usual sense?

334. The Dent du Midi, which is covered with perpetual snow, can be seen from the dungeon.

336. The color of the Rhone as it enters the lake is aptly described by Schiller's term, "glacier milk." It is, however, a very deep blue as it leaves the lake.

337. There is a small torrent just south of the castle which descends very precipitously. It is now utilized for water-power.

339. **White-wall'd distant town.** Villeneuve, an old Roman town, about a mile south of Chillon. The old gate is still standing.

341–346. "Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, *not far* from Chillon, is a very small island, the only one I could per-

ceive in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few small trees (I think not above three), and from the singular and diminutive size has a peculiar effect on the view." — BYRON.

These three trees are still standing, or have been replaced, and are easily discernible from the castle.

332–355. What is the effect of this introduction of nature into the poem?

365, 366. How do these lines compare with actual facts?

374. Cf. *In Memoriam*, II.: —

> "O sorrow, wilt thou live with me,
> No casual mistress, but a wife,
> My bosom friend and half of life:
> As I confess it needs must be?"

382. **Is sullen** used here in its usual sense? Cf. the following: —

> "No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows." — POPE.

390. **Communion.** Etymology?

391. **Even I.** Does the rhythmic accent coincide with the natural accent? Is the thought obscured by this order?

SPAIN.

LINE 2. **Palagio,** or Pelayo, a scion of the royal Visi-Gothic line, was the first Christian king in Spain after the invasion of the Moors. At the approach of the Moslems he retreated to the fastnesses of the Asturias, and there maintained himself against them in several pitched battles. Christians of surrounding districts flocked to his standard, and he was acknowledged sovereign. He died in 737. From him is traced the genealogy of the royal family of Spain.

3. **Cava's traitor-sire.** Count Julian, a lieutenant of the Gothic army, who, in revenge for the outrage done his daughter by King Roderic, formed an alliance with the Moors to invade Spain. Cava, or Caba, is called the Helen of Spain.

8. **Red gleamed the cross.** A red cross was the emblem of Christianity during the Middle Ages. **Pale** is an epithet usually applied to the crescent.

10. The early popular poetry of Spain was unequalled in Europe.

13. **Date.** Duration of fame. This use of the word is common in Shakespeare.

23. **This line refers to the introduction of gunpowder into warfare.**

27. **Andalusia's shore.** Andalusia is the largest and richest province of Spain. Here the Moors founded a splendid monarchy, which quickly attained a high degree of civilization. Learning, art, chivalry, industry, and commerce flourished here very early. So important did the province become that its name was applied to all of Spain, and is still generally so used by the poets.

33. **Bale-fires.** Refers here to the flash of battle. See Dictionary for derivation and meaning of the word.

35. **Siroc.** The sirocco is an extremely enervating wind from the Libyan deserts, felt along the south of Europe. Refers here to the fumes of powder.

SOLITUDE.

LINE 1. **Flood and fell.** Note this common form of alliteration. Derivation and meaning of fell.

8. **This is not solitude.** Cf., *The Ocean*, lines 1–4.

18. With this stanza cf. Bacon's *Of Friendship*:—

"For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk is but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

LEUCADIA.

LINE 1. Byron sailed from Malta the 21st of September, 1809, and landed at Previsa, Sept. 29.

The barren spot. Ithaca, the smallest but one of the Ionian Islands, is noted as the home of Ulysses. Its surface is mountainous, and hence its barren appearance.

2. **Penelope.** The faithful wife of Ulysses. See *Classical Dictionary*. Byron passed Ithaca, Sept. 24.

3. **The mount.** The Leucadian rock, or Lover's Leap, where disappointed lovers ended their grief by jumping into the sea.

4. **The Lesbian's grave.** It has been claimed by some authorities that Sappho, the great Greek poetess, made the "Lover's Leap" from the Leucadian rock. Sappho was born at Mytilene, the island of Lesbos, in the latter part of the seventh century B.C.

5. **Dark Sappho.** "The epithet implies profound, mysterious feeling."—TOZER.

14. The battle of **Actium,** in which Augustus Cæsar defeated Mark Antony and Cleopatra, took place in 31 B.C. The battle of **Lepanto** was a naval engagement, fought in 1571, between the combined fleets of Spain, Venice, Genoa, Malta, and the Papal States on the one side, and the entire maritime power of the Turks on the other. The Christians lost three thousand killed, while the loss of the Turks was over thirty thousand killed and wounded. In the battle of **Trafalgar,** Lord Nelson, the greatest of English admirals, fought the combined fleets of France and Spain. The English were victorious, but Nelson was slain.

16. Explain the reference to astrology in this line.

25. **Melancholy.** Explain the application of this word.

GREECE.

LINE 1. **Sad relic.** Cf. *The Prisoner of Chillon*, l. 102:—

"Those relics of a home so dear."

7. **Thermopylæ** is the famous pass leading from Locris into Thessaly, where Leonidas and three hundred Spartans tried to check the Persian invasion in 480 B.C. The Spartans were betrayed by one of their number, and all were slain.

9. The **Eurotas,** one of the rivers to which the Greeks performed divine rites, rises in the Arcadian mountains, and flows into the Gulf of Laconia. It is mentioned here because the city of Sparta is situated on its banks.

10. **Phyle.** A fortress commanding a pass of the same name conducting into Attica from Bœotia.

11. **Thrasybulus** was an Athenian general who was expelled from Athens by the Thirty Tyrants. With the aid of a Theban force. he took Phyle, and from that place began operations against the Thirty, whom he expelled. In 403 B.C. he re-established the democracy.

15. **Carle.** Churl, rustic, countryman.

17. **Turkish hand.** To what historical events does Byron allude in this poem?

19. With this line cf. *Isles of Greece:*—

"But all except their sun is set."

26. What does **solely** mean here?

31. Why are the French and Russians called **Gauls** and **Muscovites** respectively?

34. **Helots.** The serfs or slaves of the Spartans; hence the latter, who oppressed them, were regarded as their enemies. How may the "**shades of the Helots**" now triumph over their foe?

37. **Allah.** Literally the "Worthy-to-be-adored," the Arabic name for God. **Giaour,** meaning infidel or unfaithful, was applied by the Mahometans to all who did not believe in the Prophet, and especially to Christians. Here it stands for the Christians.

38. **Othman's race.** Othman was the founder of the Turkish dynasty. The term Ottoman is applied to people, empire, and monarch.

39. **Serai.** The Seraglio, the palace of the Sultan, which ordinary mortals cannot enter.

41. **Wahab** was the founder of the sect of Wahabites, whose purpose it was to restore Islamism to the literal teachings of the Koran. The followers of Wahab sacked both Mecca and Medina in 1803 and 1804.

46. **Lacedæmon** is another name for Sparta. Another allusion to the three hundred Spartans.

47. For **Thebes** and **Epaminondas** see *Classical Dictionary*.

57. **Thy vales . . . snow.** "On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter." — BYRON.

65. **Prostrate brethren of the cave.** "Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave formed by the quarries still remains, and will till the end of time." — BYRON.

66. **Tritonia's airy shrine.** Tritona is a name of Minerva. There are the ruins of a once splendid temple of the goddess on the promontory of Sunium, or Cape Colonna as it was long called, because of its ruins. Cf. *The Isles of Greece:* —

"Place me on Sunium's marbled steep."

71. **Only not.** All but, almost. Cf. *Childe Harold*, I. vii. 3: —

"So old it seemèd only not to fall."

75. **Thine olive.** The olive was given to Attica by Minerva.

76. Mount **Hymettus,** in Attica near Athens, has always been famous for its honey.

79. **Apollo.** See *Classical Dictionary.*

90. **Athena's tower.** The Parthenon. Explain the thought in this line.

LEAVING ENGLAND FOR THE LAST TIME.

LINE 2. These are the opening stanzas of Canto III. of *Childe Harold.* Byron left England this time in 1816; hence it will be seen that this and following selections from *Childe Harold* were written about six years later than the preceding. Many changes in style are to be noted.

Ada. She was born Dec. 10, 1815. In a letter to Moore, dated Jan. 5, 1816, Byron says: "The little girl was born on the 10th of December last; her name is Augusta Ada (the second a very antique family name — I believe not used since the reign of King John). She was and is very flourishing and fat, and is reckoned very large for her days — squalls and sucks incessantly." Lady Byron left the poet in January, when Ada was only five weeks old, and Byron never saw the child afterward.

5. Notice the break in the thought in this line. Is this common to the earlier stanzas? Are periods to be found in the middle of the line in earlier cantos?

8–9. Can you give any reason for Byron's feeling as these lines imply.

9. **Albion.** A very ancient name of Britain, used as early as the 5th century B.C. by Festus Avienus in his record of the voyage of Hamilcar. Aristotle also used the word in his *Treatise of the World.* The inhabitants were called Albiones.

11. **As a steed.** Moore cites the following: —

> "O, never
> Shall we two exercise, like twins of honor,
> Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
> Like proud seas under us."

16. **As a weed.** How much does this simile express?

WATERLOO.

LINE 1. The battle of Waterloo occurred June 18, 1816; but the reference in this stanza is to events of the evening which preceded the preliminary engagement at Quatre-Bras, which took place June 16. In her introduction to the *History of Peace* Miss Martineau says: "It was on the evening of the 15th that Wellington received the news at Brussels of the whereabouts of the French. He instantly perceived that the object was to separate his force from the Prussians. He sent off orders to his troops in every direction to march upon Quatre-Bras. This done, he dressed and went to a ball, where none would have discovered from his manner that he had heard any remarkable news. It was whispered about the rooms, however, that the French were not far off; and some officers dropped off in the course of the evening — called by their duty, and leaving heavy hearts behind them. Many parted so who never met again. It was about midnight when the general officers were summoned. Somewhat later the younger officers were very quietly called away from their partners; and by sunrise of the summer morning of the 16th all were on the march."

11. **Car.** What kind of car was this?

16. Give an exposition of this line.

20. **Brunswick's fated chieftain.** The Duke of Brunswick, who was killed at the battle of Quatre-Bras, where Wellington purchased victory with five thousand two hundred soldiers.

25. **His father.** He fell in the battle of Auerstädt, Oct. 14, 1806, while in command of the Prussians, who were defeated by the French under Davout. On the same day Napoleon defeated the main body of the Prussians at Jena.

27. "This stanza is very grand, even from its total unadornment. It is only a versification of the common narratives; but here may well be applied a position of Johnson, that 'where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless.'" — SIR E. BRYDGES.

46. **"Cameron's gathering."** The slogan of the clan of the Camerons.

48. **Lochiel.** The "gentle Lochiel" was Donald, the most noted of the Camerons. He was a descendant of Evan. Albyn is an ancient Gaelic name of Scotland.

54. **Evan Cameron** (1630–1719) was called the Ulysses of the Highlands.

55. **Ardennes.** "The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's *Orlando*, and immortal in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. It is also celebrated in Tacitus, as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter." — BYRON.

72. "Childe Harold, though he shuns to celebrate the victory of Waterloo, gives us here a most beautiful description of the evening which preceded the battle of Quatre-Bras, the alarm which called out the troops, and the hurry and confusion which preceded their march. I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass, in vigor and in feeling, this most beautiful description." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE DRACHENFELS.

LINE 1. **The Drachenfels,** or Dragon Rock, on which stand the picturesque ruins of a mediæval castle, is the most famous of the Seven Mountains, and the highest (ten hundred and fifty-six feet) peak overlooking the Rhine. The dragon's cave is yet to be seen half way up the slope, which is covered with vineyards. These verses were written in May, 1816.

7. The view from the Drachenfels extends up the river as far as Bonn, and down it to Cologne.

10. **Thou.** These stanzas were addressed to Byron's sister Augusta. Study them for information about the poet's regard for her.

LAKE LEMAN.

LINES 1–4. "I this day (July 20, 1815) observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles." — BYRON.

13. **It.** What is the antecedent? Explain the figure in this line.

14–15. **Where . . . infection.** Paraphrase.

16. **Is coil** used here in the same sense as in *Hamlet*?

> "When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,"

or, in the following: —

> "Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
> Would not infect his reason?"

20. **Fatal.** Why?

26. **Wanderers o'er Eternity.** From this Shelley gave Byron the name of "Wanderer of Eternity." *Adonais*, XXX.

30. "The color of the Rhone at Geneva is blue to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean or Archipelago." — BYRON. Cf. *Chillon*, note 336.

39. **High mountains are a feeling.** Cf. Wordsworth: —

> "The mountains, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colors and their form, were then to me
> An appetite, a feeling, and a love." — *Tintern Abbey*.

44–45. With these lines compare the following from the *Siege of Corinth*: —

> "Who ever gazed upon them shining,
> And turned to earth without repining,
> Nor wished for wings to flee away,
> And mix with their eternal ray?"

46–47. Compare these lines with *Solitude*, before.

54. **Clay-cold bonds.** Cf. *Cymbeline*, V. iv. 28: —

> "And cancel these cold bonds."

55. Relfe quotes Tozer's note on this passage: "The feeling of antagonism between the flesh and spirit which Byron expresses in this passage is the same which appears in Manichæism, in extravagant asceticism, and in other wild forms of philosophical and religious opinion. But the mystical, half-pantheistic views which are expressed throughout this part of the poem hardly amount to anything more definite than the 'feeling infinite' of III. xc. 1, together with the poetic longing to be identified with what is sublime and beautiful in nature. Their greater prominence in this part of *Childe Harold* (though similar opinions are stated more obscurely elsewhere) is attributable to Byron's having now, for the first time, seen the Alps under circumstances which caused them to exercise a peculiar

influence over him, and also to his having been in Shelley's company."

73. The sweetness and harmony of this passage is not common with Byron. The poet made the tour of the lake in a boat with Shelley. This may in a measure account for it.

Thy contrasted lake, etc. Thy lake contrasted with, etc.

85. **Jura.** The Jura Mountains are distant from the lake, but can generally be seen very distinctly from any part of it.

86. **Drawing near.** As we draw near.

91-92. **Makes his life an infancy.** What figure of speech? Show wherein the likeness lies.

99. **Spirit of her hues.** Explain.

100. This storm, Byron tells us, occurred on the 13th of June. He says of it: "I have seen among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimari several more terrible, but none more beautiful."

108. **The joyous Alps.** "Perchance the finest thing in this famous passage is the element of Titanic revelry which is introduced into it, — 'joyous Alps,' 'fierce delight,' 'glee,' 'mountain-mirth,' 'play.'" — TOZER.

117. "This is one of the most beautiful passages of the poem. The 'fierce and far delight' of a thunder-storm is here described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. The 'live thunder' leaping among the crags — the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other — the splashing of the big rain — the gleaming of the wide lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea — present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better, brought out in poetry." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

118. **The swift Rhone cleaves.** Cf. 30: —

"By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone."

141. **Of what in me is sleepless.** In the *Journal of his Swiss Tour*, Byron wrote: "I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue, and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this . . . the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, has preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment

lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory around, above, and beneath me."

144. The sweetness and beauty of these stanzas are doubtless in a great measure due to the effect of the beauty and grandeur of the natural scenery upon Byron's distempered mind. Says Vulliemin: "It seemed to him [Byron] that nature was smiling upon him for the first time. His heart was lightened."

CLARENS.

LINE 1. **Clarens!** "The feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation in its good and of its glory; it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole." — BYRON.

27. **A populous solitude.** Cf. *Solitude*, 10–19, and note.

50. **Love his Psyche's zone.** An allusion to the legend of Cupid and Psyche.

VENICE.

LINE 1. **The Bridge of Sighs.** A covered passage connecting the Ducal Palace and the State Prison, over which the prisoners passed to imprisonment or execution.

8. **Winged Lion's.** The emblem of Venice was the Lion of St. Mark's. See below, 41.

9. **Hundred isles.** The city is built on one hundred and seventeen islands, all but three of which are small.

10. **She looks a sea Cybele.** "Sabellicus, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above figure, which would not be poetical were it not true." — BYRON. Rhea Cybele was goddess of the earth, with its forests and mountains, and was sometimes represented with a turreted crown.

19. **Tasso's echoes.** "The well-known song of the gondoliers,

of alternate stanzas, from Tasso's *Jerusalem*, has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original on one column and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found." — BYRON.

27. **Masque.** Revel, masquerade, carnival.

33. **Rialto.** Not the Rialto of Shakespeare, but the bridge leading to it.

Shylock of the *Merchant of Venice*. The **Moor** is Othello. **Pierre** is the leading character of Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

37. **The spouseless Adriatic.** The Doge of Venice used annually, on Ascension Day, to wed the city to the Adriatic. The ceremony was performed on the Bucentaur, the state galley, which was employed only on this occasion. The Doge dropped a ring into the sea with these words: "We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."

41. **St. Mark** was the patron saint of Venice. The **lion** stood across the **Place**, facing the cathedral.

43. **Where an Emperor sued.** On this **Place** Frederic Barbarossa recognized Alexander III. as Pope. Cf. Machiavelli's *History of Florence:* "In the meantime Frederic was returned into Italy, with resolution to make a new war upon the Pope; but whilst he was busy about his preparations, his Barons and Clergy gave him advertisement that they would all forsake him unless he reconciled himself to the Church; so that, changing his design, he was forced to go and make his submission at Venice." This took place in 1177.

50. Allusion is made to Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* and to Schiller's *Geisterseher*.

THE OCEAN.

These are the closing stanzas but two of *Childe Harold*.

LINE 8. **To mingle with the Universe.** Cf. Canto III. lxxii.: —

> "When the soul can flee
> And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
> Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain."

15. **Save his own.** That is, the ravage of himself.

27. **There let him lay.** "What is to become of grammar if a popular poet is to close a stanza with such a barbarism?" — HODGSON.

35. **Yeast of waves.** Shakespeare has in *Macbeth* "the yeasty waves."

36. **The Armada's pride.** Of the one hundred and thirty vessels of the Armada sent out by Philip II. of Spain to invade England, only fifty-three returned, having twice encountered a tempest. Nearly all of the nineteen ships taken by the English in the battle of Trafalgar were destroyed by a tempest.

39. **Thy waters washed them power.** In what way?

40. Of what is **tyrant** object?

55. "This passage would, perhaps, be read without emotion, if we did not know that Lord Byron was here describing his actual feelings and habits, and that this was an unaffected picture of his propensities and amusements even from childhood, while he listened to the roar, and watched the bursts of the northern ocean on the tempestuous shores of Aberdeenshire." — SIR E. BRYDGES.

"At Lisbon, Byron, who even when at Harrow was a famous swimmer, and when at Cambridge had won a wager by swimming three miles in the Thames, swam across to the old castle of Belem." — NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

While in Italy, Byron swam from Lido to Venice, and the length of the Grand Canal in addition, being in the water four hours and twenty minutes. He also swam across the Hellespont, from Sestos to Abydos, in 1810.

63. **As I do here.** This apostrophe was begun on the "Alban Mount;" but the poet is, or supposes himself to be, near the sea as he closes it.

A GRECIAN SUNSET.

These lines were written in the spring of 1811 among the hills of the Morea, and formed a part of *The Curse of Minerva*, but were afterwards made the opening stanzas of Canto III. of the *Corsair*, published in 1814.

LINE 2. **Morea's hills.** Morea is the modern name of the ancient Peloponnesus; it consists of the nomarchies of Argolis, Corinth, Laconia, Messenia, Arcadia, Achaia, and Elis.

7. **Ægina's rock.** Ægina, or Egina, is a rocky island in the gulf of the same name, between the Morea and Attica. The fleet of Egina distinguished itself in the battle of Salamis.

Hydra's isle. Hydra is a steep, rocky islé just off the coast of the nomarchy of Corinth.

9. **His own regions.** Why?

12. **Thy glorious gulf.** The island of Salamis, with its little gulf, is directly east of Corinth, in the Gulf of Egina. Here the fleet of Xerxes, consisting of one thousand ships, was defeated and scattered, two hundred of them being destroyed, and many others captured, by a Greek fleet of three hundred and sixty vessels.

18. **Delphian rock.** The temple and town of Delphi were situated at the southern extremity of Mount Parnassus, in Phocis. The modern name of the town is Castri.

20. **Thy wisest.** Socrates.

22. **That closed . . . day.** "Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down." — BYRON.

28. **Phœbus.** The bright, radiant. It was a name of Apollo, the sun god, and had reference both to the beauty of the god and to the brightness of the sun. Here it means the sun.

29. **Citheron's head.** The highest peak (four thousand six hundred feet) of the Cithæron Mountains, between Bœotia and Attica, now called Elatea.

33. **Mount Hymettus** is a little southeast of Athens.

34. **The queen of night.** "The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration." — BYRON.

42. **Cephisus.** A stream or fountain in Athens, where Theseus was purified from the taint of bloodshed.

44. **The gleaming . . . kiosk.** "The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house. The palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. . . . Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all." — BYRON.

46. **Theseus' fane.** The Theseum. For story of Theseus see *Classical Dictionary*.

GREECE.

The following is from the *Giaour*, published in 1811.

LINE 2. **Blessed isles.** A reference to an old Greek myth, ac-

cording to which the "Islands of the Blessed," situated toward the edge of the western ocean, were the abode of the favorites of the gods after death. Here they possessed everything in abundance. Cf. *Isles of Greece, Your Sires, Islands of the Blest.*

3. **Colonna's height.** Cape Colonna, or the promontory of Sunium. Cf. *Greece* before, 66 and note.

16. **Sultana of the Nightingale.** "The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the 'Bubel of a Thousand Tales' is one of his appellations." — BYRON.

34. **Till . . . guitar.** "The guitar is the constant companion of the Greek sailor by night; with a steady, fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied by the voice, and often by dancing." — BYRON.

75. **Where cold Obstruction's apathy.** Cf. *Measure for Measure*, III. i., ll. 118, 119: —

> "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction."

86. With this line cf. *The Prisoner of Chillon*, 187: —

> "So softly worn, so sweetly meek."

103. **Thermopylæ.** The pass where Leonidas and the three hundred Spartans fell, opposing the advance of the army of Xerxes into Greece, in 480 B.C. See *Classical Dictionary.*

106. **Salamis.** See *Grecian Sunset*, note 12.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

LINE 26. **Pagod.** Shortened form of pagoda. It generally means the temple, but sometimes, as here, refers to the idol.

29. **Rapture of the strife.** "'*Certaminis gaudia.*' The expression of Attila in his harangue to his army previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus." — BYRON.

44. **To die a prince,** etc. Byron has, at the head of this piece, a quotation from Gibbon regarding the Emperor Nepos: "By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state," etc.

55. **The Roman.** Sulla.

64. **The Spaniard.** Charles V., who abdicated in favor of his son, and retired to the monastery of Yuste, in Estremadura.

109. **Austria's mournful flower.** Empress Marie Louise. "From the double point of view of psychology and history," says De Saint-Amand, "it is a sad but curious task to study the gradations by which Empress Marie Louise was, little by little, transformed from a devoted and irreproachable wife into a forgetful, faithless, and indifferent one."

125. **Corinth's pedagogue.** Diogenes, the Cynic.

127. **Timour.** Better known as Tamerlane. He is said to have carried Bajazet, whom he had conquered, around in an iron cage built for that purpose. The story is, however, without trustworthy foundation.

131. **He of Babylon.** Nebuchadnezzar. See *Dan.* iv. 31–33.

136. **The thief of fire,** etc. Prometheus. See *Classical Dictionary*.

150. **Marengo.** Napoleon, with 40,000 French, defeated and routed 120,000 Austrians at Marengo, a town in northern Italy, in 1800.

168. For the story of **Cincinnatus** see *Cyclopædia* or *Classical Dictionary*.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

LINE 2. **Sappho.** For the classical allusions in this piece, unless otherwise explained, see *Classical Dictionary*.

4. **Delos** was said to have been pulled up from the bottom of the sea by the trident of Neptune, and to have remained a floating island until Jupiter fastened it down with adamantine chains that it might be the birthplace of Diana and Apollo.

7. **Scian.** Adjective from Scio, the modern name of the ancient Chios, one of the places claiming to be the birthplace of Homer.

Teian. Adjective from Teos, a seaport town of Ionia, where Anacreon was born.

13. The plain of **Marathon** is enclosed on three sides by rocky arms of Parnes and Pentelicus, and the fourth is open to the sea.

19. **A king sate.** Xerxes.

33. **A patriot's shame.** Greece was Byron's country by adoption.

50. **Samian.** Samos is an island off the coast of Ionia, noted for its wine, as was also the island of Scio (line 52).

55. **Pyrrhic dance.** A Grecian war-dance named after the great general, Pyrrhus.

56. **Pyrrhic phalanx.** Also called the Macedonian phalanx.

74. **Suli's rock.** Cf. *Childe Harold*, II. 42: "Dark Suli's rocks." Suli, or Souli, is a town in the south of Epirus. It is in a wild, mountainous district about the river Acheron.

Parga is a seaport town of Epirus, southeast of Souli.

76. **Doric.** The Dorians were one of the four principal peoples of Greece. In early times they associated themselves with the Heracleidæ, and made a conquest of the Peloponnesus. They were brave and warlike.

78. **Heracleidæ.** The descendants of Hercules. See *Classical Dictionary*.

91. **Sunium's marbled steep.** Covered with the ruins of the temple of Minerva, which was built of marble taken from the quarries of Mount Mendeli. See Greece (2) and notes.

AVE MARIA.

These are stanzas from the close of Canto III. of *Don Juan*.

LINE 2. **The spot.** See below, lines 19 and 20.

19–20. **Ravenna** is in the midst of a richly wooded plain which was once covered by the Adriatic.

22. **Boccaccio's lore.** A reference to the story of *Anastasio degli Honesti*, or *Onesti*, in the Decameron of Boccaccio. Upon this tale Dryden founded his poem, *Theodore and Honoria*. The scene of the story is a pine wood just outside the city of Ravenna.

29. **Spectre huntsman.** The following is Boccaccio's synopsis of the novel: —

Anastasio, a gentleman of the family of the Onesti, by loving the daughter to Paolo Traversario, lavishly wasted a great part of his substance without receiving any love of her again. By persuasion of some of his kindred and friends, he went to a country dwelling of his at Chiassi, where he saw a knight desperately pursue a young damsel, whom he slew, and afterward gave her to be devoured by his hounds. Anastasio invited his friends, and her also whom he so dearly loved, to take part of a dinner with him, who likewise saw the same damsel so torn in pieces which, his unkind love perceiving, and fearing lest the like ill-fortune should happen to her, she accepted Anastasio to be her husband.

49. **Nero** perished by his own hand.

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